

SCRIBBLINGS δ

THE UNDERWORLD

BEING A BOOK OF FEARLESS INWARD HONESTY

SCRIBBLINGS

8

Time Zone -5

Julian Day : 2 450 355.5

modified Julian Day : 50353

MWHentrich Days Alive : 10822.5 = 29.6 years

Gregorian Calendar Date : 1st October 1996



Writings 45 = scribblings "delta" (8)

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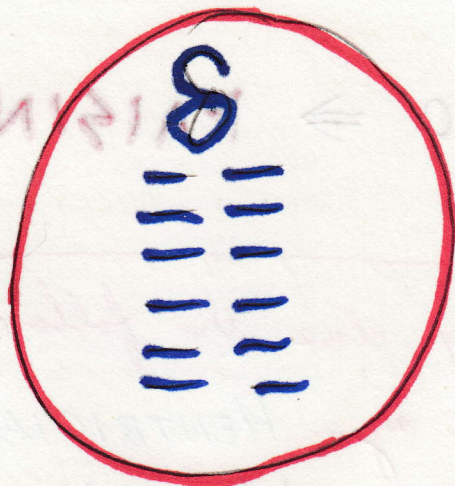
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Raising
Hell



1 October 1996 @ 1AM

The transcendental psychophysical "potential world" ...
Our connection with this neutral ground of reality,
called PSYCHOID being both psychical and physical,
occurs in and through the unconscious mind.
The psyche has no dimensions in time and space at all.

The human organism is constantly embedded in an ambient
electromagnetic field with complex quantum components.
Additional channels of information are available to the
brain besides the five senses. A wide variety of
information is reaching the brain at all times.
Ambient electromagnetic fields encode a rich
variety of processes that exist in the world
beyond the brain.

Schopenhauer is the "grandfather of Jungian psychology".
An overarching principle of formation can be traced back to
Plato's "ideal forms". These ideal forms are the MORPHIC FIELDS,
or "habits in nature".

(3)

Morphic fields influence patterns of brain activity associated with thoughts or behavior. This theory gives the first scientific account of Carl Jung's notion of ARCHETYPES (psychological archetypes), universal themes or images shared by all humanity. MORPHIC RESONANCE THEORY would lead to radical reaffirmation of Jung's concept of the collective unconscious.

The COLLECTIVE UNCONSCIOUS = PSYCHOLOGICAL ARCHETYPES

⇒ Plato's "Ideas" ⇒ Morphic Fields : a study of Carl Jung's theories would enhance one's understanding of Schopenhauer's philosophy.

chthonic - / thōnik / - pertaining to the gods and spirits of the underworld

1996:10:01 13:00 (TUES) The superintendent enjoys my poetry - I will remove blatant anti-Semitic comments from the typed works.

1996:10:01 19:30 Badge #19 of the Freehold Borough Police gave me a \$42⁰⁰ ticket for "failure to repair". on the first possible day they could issue a ticket! I think the Afro-American officer was looking for a "scraped coke head". I thought he was going to give me a break but he did not. The court date is October 8th - at 4PM - I could fight it as the woman at Motor Vehicles told me I had 30 days to make the repairs, but the notice said all repairs must be made by October 1st. The system is screwing me. In effect, there was no extension made at all! I will call the psychiatrist and psychologist tomorrow to cancel appointments until next week when I have a vehicle with proper inspection. Although I am angry that the cop did not cut me any slack, the fact that he pulled me over right across from the church on Throckmorton Street turned a lot of heads.

I think it is a hard fact that the authorities had me pegged as some kind of runner/host and they were closing in on me. I felt the land assault coming and I was tired of having all those heads around, so I am walking the straight line, playing it safe, keeping my wits about me, and staying out of prison. The next thing I have to do is claim bankruptcy but without a lawyer as I cannot afford one. My original problem was NO MONEY. I am back where I started: broke. I live in a historic house and I can't allow it to be used as a Hang OUT.

(6)

8_{0,0}: RASING HELL

3 October 1996 (THURS) 6PM: What is it I used to do after work when I "was drinking"? I would come home from work and immediately drive to The Village after slugging down a beer. I would eat dinner then hit Cars Cafe for a few. I would then come home and smoke a couple joints. I think the last 2 diaries of mine are up there with Alister Crowley "Diary of a Dope Fiend". Now I come home, eat some cereal, read books, write, shower, eat dinner, work on typing old notebooks onto computer hard drive.

I remember when I was a child, I could find contentment being left by myself. I would listen to music, wander through the woods, or just "make believe". Now I stay home alone every day. I don't want any "friends" for they are a bunch of users. I cannot say these guys were all that wrong, but I do realize that the only thing we had in common was our Beasts. We all were on a quest for the next blast. I have some strong dislikes against those who invaded my domicile time and time again. Now I have my "space" time back. Now the Tank House is holy once again. I think I may walk to Beltaine Farm this evening, then head down the railroad tracks for some coffee at the Cornerstone Cafe. I will put the sausages in a pot of sauce and cook it on very low — or I may try out the "crockpot". I will walk as the ~~van~~ Volkswagen is not legal yet; I still have repairs to make before I take it through inspection.

10PM: I walked into town to the Cornerstone Cafe for a cup of coffee. I walked into the Beltaine Farm lands and sang to the sky for a brief moment. All in all the trip was SAD. I just don't fit in anywhere. I don't want to apologize to anyone for my drunken outbursts as I still have resentments towards these 2802 during rich fucks who dare to look down on me for purely economic reasons. They, like Sherry, build themselves up by calling me a loser. It may be true that my lack of a social life has given me so much time to read, but it also may be that my developed intellect has made me very uncomfortable among the vulgar/debilitated. And so I learned a valuable lesson walking into town: there is no place for me out there besides the library, the Barnes and Noble, and the woods. I will have to give up on going for the dancing girls and have to wait for a solitary woman to mate with — or content myself alone.

When I got to the gate, I hugged myself and actually felt the presence of a Sherry-like aura here with me, loving me. That is the kind of love I have for myself. I have a family of one, a religion of one. I am the hero of my story. Going to belltairs brings back memories of my childhood, and seeing the beard on my face forces me to realize that boy is now a man. I have been worried about how others may judge my diary material, but am I not entitled to my feelings? If I hate certain factions of society (and the feeling is probably mutual) why can't I express this hatred in writing? When I did make it back to the road coming into Central Supply of the State Parks Service, I was relieved. When I got 50 feet past the gate, I fell to the ground and thanked the spirits of the underworld for having blessed me with lodgings out here.

I think I would be happier if I had a female companion, but she could not be just any female companion. She would have to be somewhat compatible with me. There are no guarantees that I will meet a decent female. I had no luck in the bars. I have had no luck at Brookdale Community College. I will return to college by autumn 1997 - maybe I will meet a female there and then; but in the meantime, I am glad to have stopped chasing Phackra. That was a joke. She had a beautiful body and a beautiful face, but she is deceptive as hell. I am better off waiting for a more cerebral female and leaving these "dancers" to the guidos and Jews. My mate will be as much of an outcaste as myself. It just may be a political revolutionary I am suited for.

Until then, I will continue to HUG MYSELF as the representative of my family. I will be the sole member of my Tribe, the founder of my religion, and the god of my underworld. Let them mock me if they want to. I will laugh at them when the chthonian underworld destroys their "security". I know how to be broke. I am ready for death. We shall see.

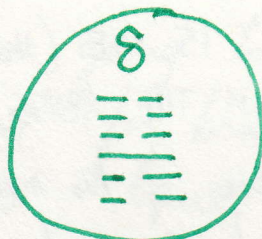
DO THEY?

ARE THEY?

The plot: A cyborg of the year 15 N.E. (the Year of the New Empire) 511
discovers some disks with NOTES FROM THE ABYSS on it. He puts the disk
in his floppy drive built into the base of his neck. He goes through
the notes and is bored until he reaches Schopenhauer - as
the reflections about Schopenhauer. Something like that. This will
take some time. At any rate, I will be the cyberpunk philosopher.
This is my calling. In order to reach an audience, I will
go for a CYBERPUNK Science Fiction label which means I
cannot do this as an autobiography. The hero will be a man
of the future who has escaped execution after being the leader
of an ~~an~~ euthanasia movement. He steals his disks from the
~~super~~ computer and escapes to an underground world where he
attempts to put the pieces of his life together.

Until the novel starts to take shape, I will continue
taking excerpts from my diaries. If I feel compelled to
create plots, I will do this under different files. The hero
must remain alive at the end of the first work. This
project could take YEARS!

This evening I will read The Shockwave Rider by John Brunner,
author of The Sheep Look Up ... I lent nephew Joseph
Michael Munchini (age 14) Ira Levin's This Perfect Day.
It is out of print. The Monmouth County Library has no
copy of it. Barnes and Noble is unable to find it.
Books In Print has no sign of it. It has been erased!
I will tell Joey this bit of information so as to make his
reading of it even more enjoyable. I am shocked
that Tami is allowing him to read it!



44: 0: 1

A MASTER WITHOUT DISCIPLES, A RELIGION WITHOUT A CHURCH

6 October 1996 1AM (SUN) I am trying to stay awake so that I can read, but I feel myself getting sleepy. At any moment I will be pulled into the dream state. I hope I get some insight into how to go about writing this book. I have always wanted to get a message out to the world. That would be the reason for publishing the book right? And yet I am living the story. I am the hero who has been blessed with a job that lets him live in the park. I am the one who spends hours reading. I have studied Schopenhauer, but I don't feel like preaching to the rest of the world. I figure I have discovered something profound, too profound for the vulgar masses and definitely too profound for the "successful business man". I am the Buddha, I am the Christ. I am a lazy messiah who does not wish to save the world. I am lazy. I cannot make people see the world the way I do, and besides, if all people felt the way I did — that hard work is evil, that ambition kills the soul, where would the "economy" go?

These brats don't want to hear me. They want to play video games. I will not be the LAME SAD INDIAN crying to the Mercedes Benz driving professionals to burn down their mansions so trees will grow. I am not an idiot.

But I will live my philosophy. I will write diaries and I will take excerpts from these diaries to create the NOTES FROM THE ABYSS series. My diaries are philosophic notebooks. Ultimately my lifestyle reflects my philosophy.

11:30 AM: Before I go upstairs to slumber, I want to write what it is my psyche will be engaged in as the brain sleeps. I am disturbed by the fact that Ira Levin's This Perfect Day is OBSOLETE and UNAVAILABLE. This leads me to suspect that I am one of the few who is fighting Unicomps on a conscious level. I am not feeding into the internet, but instead am writing MASSIVE AMOUNTS of THOUGHTCRIME to be condensed and published as a true story/sciFi/autobiography. I am proud to have turned Sherry on to This Perfect Day; I will forever remain in her memory as a hero who has the intelligence to rise above the herd, to resist monetary baits, to be content as a solitary, yet very real, man. My role as a parks maintenance worker is nothing more than a disguise. I am one of the true thinkers of my generation, one who may be able to FIGHT UNICOMP and lead the survivors into a post-civilization community. Now my nephew Joseph will be reading This Perfect Day. With that seed planted, ~~it will~~ at least my conscience will be clear. I have done what I can to help the boy see the evils of overorganization and blind submission. I know Joey will fight. He has an identity that will not be neutralized. I am on medication and I still am able to be content with my uniqueness. The Shockwave Rider by John Brunner is very much like This Perfect Day. I will send out electromagnetic waves while I sleep in hopes of telepathically contacting those in this world, or even beyond this world, who might be able to assist me on my quest for my IDENTITY beyond the social institutions of encapsulated ego. Before I sleep I ask ① Who am I? ② Why am I here? ③ How do I protect my identity from Big Brother, Unicomps, Corrections?

I am not writing a diary, but a journal of sorts... verbalized meditations. Tomorrow at work I will attempt to go through Notebooks 7 through 10 to mark pages to be entered into NOTES FROM THE ABYSS. As I drove down the long road leading to the 1830's "Tark House", I was silently grateful to whatever forces that made it possible for me to dwell here. The privacy it offers me is perfect for writing and reading. I was happy to have Sherry as a companion for nearly 3 years, but now I am to partake in the serious business of writing for I am a writer. Also there is power coming from my beard, power that marks me as a young version of the Wise Old Man, the Wizard. The house too, with its large columns, set back in the woods, gives the Blond Beast a powerful sense of being chthonian - of a deeper world, timeless mythic hero.

I need not write fiction. An autobiographical account taken from my notebooks will suffice. I am living as an individual on the edge of genius and insanity, an individual that tried to Raise Hell in public, but now quietly casts his spell upon the world from the private world within his own mind.

I can reach the masses without ever publishing a book. My psychic powers will enable me to be experienced in dreams and visions. I have secret powers.

PHILOSOPHER LIVES HIS PHILOSOPHY) (HE NEED NOT WRITE NOR PREACH)

17

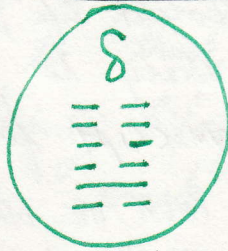
(idea for next chapter ... on or about page 25)

2001 (Monday 7 October) I wonder how I came to land in jail at age 20 and to be working for the park service at age 23 and to be housed at Monmouth Battlefield State park at age 25. Now, age 29 and still dwelling in the Tank House I wonder if the Park Service and the state of New Jersey in general realizes that while I am collecting a salary for maintenance work, I am secretly expanding my mind with books (not hanging at the local bar or breeding) and developing my skills as a writer. Again I ask the Unconscious Mind to give me clues as to the nature of my identity. Who am I? Will I get a message out? Where are my disciples? Will a tribe (church) form to OBSERVE my meditations? How will I "LIVE MY PHILOSOPHY"? What is my philosophy? I know the world exists within our minds, so how do I retain the Unconscious while awake? How do I infect others with my ideas? How do I reach others psychically? I want to dream about having a harem of woman disciples that recognize me as the Wise Ancient Merlin. My philosophy may be "Wall Street is an illusion, the less labor a man does, the better off he will be". I want to do less labor. May I go beyond the threshold and bring the Unconscious archetypes of the psychoid to the forefront of consciousness? May I speak telepathically and evolve rapidly into one who is able to tap into the Unconscious? I want to break through the barriers imposed on me by the social institution of incapsulated ego. I want to become a god, a Buddha, a Christ, a Hero, a Wise Ancient Presence.

THE UNDERWORLD

19

Being the 44th Book in A Series of Notebooks Containing the Verbalized
Meditations of a Symbol-Using Time Binder Who Is The Chthonic Blood Beast
Incarnate



44:0:2

A PHILOSOPHER LIVES HIS PHILOSOPHY, HE NEED NOT WRITE NOR PREACH IT

The reason a philosopher really needn't preach, such as priests, ministers, and rabbis do, is because a philosophy is lived. In applying ones philosophy to daily existence, one exposes ones philosophy as the story of one's life. A philosophy is lived, not preached. Why would I preach my philosophy as though I wanted people to follow me?

My philosophy of life is peculiar to me. Who would listen to me preach my memes anyway? Most people would answer me with mockery or even fists, knives, or bullets. Peoples belief structures are ultra sensitive. I do not imagine life minded individuals existing in my immediate presence. I feel compelled to be a hero, not in a militaristic sense, but a hero for the proletariat. I wish to lead the proles out of their servitude and into the ancient realm where man is a chimpanzee. Exploited are we all by our biological needs. Suicide must be made available to those who are weary of their lives, but before suicide, a try at ESSENTIAL LIVING.

The desire I have to escape into the Barnes and Noble is challenged this evening. I want to do a little writing and I want to take some excerpts from old notebooks. I am somewhat concerned about my bankruptcy. I want to go with the flow, I do not want to get (PAY FOR) a lawyer. I wish I could cast SPELLS. I WOULD ALLOW CHAOS TO REIGN.

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SCRIBBLINGS 8 : THE UNDERWORLD

Notice the connections in what is going through my psyche, notice the mind expanding concepts in these stories: Shockwave Rider \Rightarrow a man educated by a high powered government think tank breaks his identity code, escapes, and attempts to restore to sanity the computerized masses. In reality people are truly being Robotized. Shattered People \Rightarrow in subterranean passages, revolutionaries, hidden from the eyes of Guardian police, plot to overthrow the Empire of mindless citizens. Dayworld Rebel \Rightarrow In a world where one lives awake only 1 of 7 days a man is imprisoned for being awake all 7 days.

His escape triggers an all out bounty hunt for daybreakers. The government wants him dead before he spreads his methods for daybreaking. All these books deal with the concept of freedom.

I will be reading every chance I get. Eric is supposed to drive ~~to~~ up this weekend - or I may drive down. We haven't decided yet. I may read all books at once.

That is how I am. It is not a race. My mind scans for input. I wish I could bring a female partner into my drama. It is so much like Orwell's 1984 except for the fact that I am open about my being a Thought Criminal. I think all the time!

10 October 1996 (THURS) 7PM \rightarrow sessions with psychologist and psychiatrist went ok. Elaine Prendergrass still wants to make the 12 steps work with me - no thanks. She tries to justify them to me. I told her that if marijuana were to be legalized, I would smoke it and give up the cigarettes. Dr Timtiman told me that I looked good. I must be getting healthier... all this sleep. I am content, and I am on to something with this science fiction!

9PM: I am grateful that I do not have the urge to go out to the Barnes and Noble this evening. I am, for the moment, content to stay in the house alone. This place is the Dream House of my childhood, a dreamtime landscape with a library of books to explore. My presence reached Gil in the psychoid. I am gathering strength. My psyche may be strong enough to resist the biotelemetric devices of the a

32 13 October 1976 (SUN) 7 PM: I want to overcome the loneliness. I want to overcome the paranoia that I am laughed at and mocked. I have decided to disengage from the music scene. What about the drums? Well, I will keep them but I do not plan on starting a band. I guess I don't want to practice, practice, practice just to be replaced, replaced, replaced. If I am to reach people at all, it will be through writing, and if not through writing, then directly off my face, put on some tea, and settle down in the Reading Room. I have eluded wife and family. I have eluded a career that takes all my time. Instead of being depressed that I have no friends to speak of I may take it as a sign that I am an incredibly unique class of life, that I am a mind lost in deep contemplation, too deep to be tempted by the gimmicks of this world. I admire women from a distance for to have one with me would be to sacrifice the free time I devote to intellectual investigations.

I can feel the loneliness lifting as plan my evening: I will read the Gnostic Jung and Psychic Dictatorship in the USA. I am letting go of the "rock star" illusion. If I can help Occupied Mind in any way, it is as a singer. I am not a musician, hence I will not be a rock star. I have my own calling. Eric is called to play music. I am called to write to the future. I am called to speak to people in the dreamscape as a mystic warrior.

I am a man with considerable intelligence and sensitivity who has been behaving as though he were a push over. I guess I was very much in the grip of alcohol and cocaine. Now that I have been blessed with abstinence, I see how much greater it is to be in solitude than to have a house filled with NECKS. I can write a book.

SCRIBBLINGS & UNDERWORLD

This paper is thick enough for me to use the same type of pen used by Great Grandmother in our communications. Although I am disconnected from my peers and townspeople, I am connected to my ancestral unconscious psychoid. I recognize glances from people in town as though they resent my being an X-convict housed by the State Park Service AND well versed in the philosophy of one Arthur Schopenhauer.

The very fact that my thought is colored by my being influenced by Schopenhauer separates me from most people in my generation. It is as though I have been chosen by the chthonian powers to be the philosopher of my time totally isolated from the influences of the academic Hegelians!

The chaos and confusion of my notebooks may be attributed to the times I live in. I will take on Schopenhauer's practice of writing as though I am already dead, as though I must certainly will be read by future generations. May I be an inspiration to those intelligent minds who find themselves without any capital. May I inspire those attractive souls who just can't seem to last in relationships for the very fact that they are in such intimate relations with their interior universes.

Some would mock me. I do not write for them. There are those who mocked Schopenhauer. Surely he did not write for them. He wrote to minds like my own, minds that would grasp his teachings. I do not intend to teach, but merely to record my mentations.

Alone he sits - a vanquished Lord upon an oaken throne,
presiding o'er this conflict that chills him to the bone.
What hope for a king with no Kingdom to rule? Now his
children desert him - regard him a fool.

Chained by conformity, shackled by greed, and told
to believe they don't want to be freed.

Are there men among us prepared to face the fight,
who'll stand by their convictions 'gainst overwhelming
might? For in each dale and greenwood far wiser
creatures play, and in their veins and sinews live
the gods of yesterday. Horned is the hunter!



The moon is full giving me a sense of timelessness. I enjoy reading through these old notebooks of mine. I first read about Schopenhauer in 1988 while studying my German ancestors. I come across his presence again in Notebook 17: "Only philosophers can be happy in marriage, and philosophers do not marry. The wise man seeks not pleasure, but freedom from care and pain."

Schopenhauer is sacredly sober. He advises against using opium and alcohol. He suggests a cold shower and a hot bath to relax the mind. It makes sense not to seek the pleasure that cocaine, marijuana, and alcohol give. It is wiser to avoid the pain that craving them causes. The same may be said about chasing women. There is great pleasure in sex, but there is great pain and frustration involved in "keeping the relationship going" or feeling trapped and controlled by another. The day may soon come when I find myself overwhelmed with desire for a specific woman - then I am in the grip of caring - and care brings with it pain. Others may criticise me for hiding away in this big old house by myself writing a book that most likely will never be published. Who is to say that Notes From The Abyss will not be discovered even after my death? What is more, who is to say even the scribbles I leave in the notebooks won't be read and published in one form or another? My private contemplations may make very good reading. After all, who in this century chooses to write instead of watching television? Who reads as much as I do? Are there any other Schopenhauer disciples of my generation?

Tonight I will enter sleep with the intentions of overcoming WANT OF PLEASURE.

UNCONDITIONAL HONESTY

44:1:0

28 October 1996 (Mon) 5PM

from a message I wrote at work: time 2:45PM: [I realize for the first time in the 7 years I have been working for the NJ State Park Service that it is my own choice to lead a simple, contemplative life. I live the aesthetic life of a monk. What am I missing out there besides money which brings headaches and romance which brings heartache?]

I was scheduled to attend Elaine's "group therapy session", but I decided not to go. Do I have to have reasons? The real reason is because it is a scam, a hall of mirrors, and because I believe I will be able to remain abstinent on my own without the support of therapy. I look forward to when "treatment" is over for me. I still want to take the medication for manic depression, but I can do without the treatment for a disease that does not even exist!

I feel so much more relaxed having made the decision not to attend. The therapist, Elaine Prendergrast has no direct power over me. I cannot be coerced into filling a chair to earn CPC \$100 each Monday night. No, and again, No. Elaine is obsessed with my finding a support group to turn to when I am in need of talking to someone about urges to use drugs or to commit suicide. If I really wanted to use drugs, I would, but after having been practicing Addictive Voice Recognition Techniques, I see that I am very much in control of this situation, and I do not want to subject myself to any more proselytization than I have already endured.

Elaine Prendergrast, Rosalina Tintiman, you have met Mike Hentrich. Mike Hentrich will not be bullied by drugs or doctors or lawyers or police or judges. I hide out here in the woods and write!

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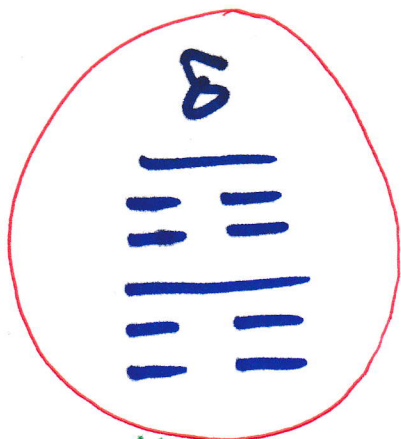
SCHOPENHAUER SPEAKS: "The wise man will seek a tranquil, modest life with as few encounters as may be; and so, after a little experience of his so-called fellowmen, he will elect to live in retirement, or even, if he is a man of great intellect, in solitude. For the more a man has in himself, the less he will want from other people, — the less, indeed, other people can be to him. This is why a high degree of intellect tends to make a man unsocial."

What one human being can be to another is not a very great deal: in the end, every one stands alone, and the important thing is WHO it is that stands alone.

There is not much to be got anywhere in the world. Fate is cruel, and mankind is pitiable. Without doubt, the happiest destiny on earth is to have the rare gift of a rich individuality, and, more especially to be possessed of a good endowment of intellect."

I am ready to sleep. After reading The Perennialists Handbook I can sleep in peace for I realize I am truly blessed, and the blessings are within me, not dependent upon anything outside of me. I have what I need.

I do not have to climb any ladders, work towards any goals, or search for my queen. At the young age of 29, I am wiser than many a man. Although I may need to be reminded of this by frequently referring to Schopenhauer's works, I believe I carry this wisdom between my ears.

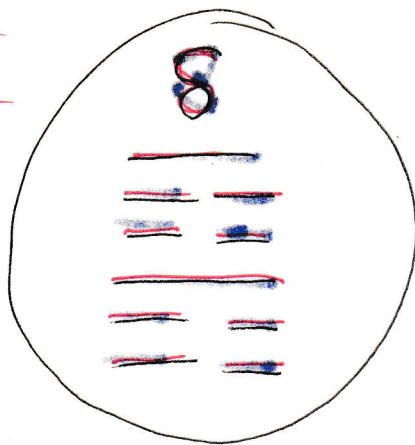


SCHOPENHAUER DISCIPLE

fact: the more intelligent people have less offspring. Does this imply that the most intelligent people do not replicate themselves? I feel my entire body lust after several women, mostly between 20 and 30... a normal male; and yet my solitary WAYS leave me alone to read, to write, to think. Although this may seem comical to some, as though I were in a situation to be mocked, with the power hungry males rising in the hierarchy and choosing the females they wish to mate with, as I am very aware of Schopenhauer's philosophy, it is I who can sit far removed from the general turmoil of "normal living" and smile with great peace of mind and well-being.

I am not claiming to be able to resist a woman's sex. It is just that evolution has put females in a position to be very selective. It is women who are the very mind of natural selection. If I were a male who was pursued by many women, I would have never had time to read the works of Arthur Schopenhauer. I see no sign of my settling down with a wife anytime soon. I lust after many women, but I have gotten so used to my solitary lifestyle, I can't see myself being content to watch TV and hand my meager paycheck over to a woman.

Schopenhauer Disciple



I am afraid of women.
I elude women.
I protect my solitude.

I hide.
I do not seek.
I struggle within.

I am not a power hungry male. I am not dominated by the Will.
I may be prepared to keep away from the Bookstore for a couple weeks, but I will have to go somewhere or else I will never meet a member of the opposite sex! Ah, Schopenhauer sits beside me asking me what the problem is. Why not elude women as long as possible? Won't this be an awfully lonesome way to go through life? Yes, but I have a rich inner life! Left alone I will be able to enjoy the intellect in ways few men are capable of. It is true that people may mock me thinking me a freak, but how important are the opinions of others? Not very. What a man is, that is what brings about the state of well-being. I am a hermit. These really are Meditations of a Hermit! It is not even important for me to write to others. Writing is merely a practice I employ that allows me to reflect upon the patterns of intellect forming in my brain on a daily basis. I think "the book" will write itself.

I am in the process of falling off the edge of the world. We need not survive. Let the Jews keep this world!

I am seeking to brake the code. I am doing well.

All it would take is a woman to turn my world upside down! That is something I will experience, not something I will hope for, not something I will look for. So far the Hermit is in hiding... successfully eluding enslavement to the GENES.

2 NOVEMBER 1976 (SAT) 7PM

89

Where is there for me to go besides the bookstores and libraries? What alternatives are there but bars, night clubs, 12 Step Meetings, Religious meetings? There seems to be nowhere to go. Someone who realizes this may be prone to hide away and use drugs to alter his/her mind. Such a person does indeed go somewhere else without leaving the house. I will continue to write my reflections on existence so that minds like mine might study my thoughts after I am long dead.

When people of my time make the comment, "Get a life", what is it they are trying to say? Do they insinuate or imply that there is more a life than the life of the person they intend to insult?

I put forth the idea that sitting at home with a wife and children, watching television, processing the children through the usual conditioning, is a domesticated life with the aim of keeping the species going. When viewed objectively, this takes all the personal glory out of it, even if the kid hit a homerun at the local ball game. Who cares?

What else might be considered "a life"? Achieving great success as a lawyer or doctor? Sounds dull enough.

You have hobbies do you? You lift weights? Oh, you go out dancing? You go to the city and watch a show, a concert? You seek to be entertained? That is culture, is it? You visit relatives, friends? You play games?

Really, what is there to do? I sit alone and think.

I use my existence to attack the great problems of human life. This I choose over all the entertainments and social events mentioned above. Life is not entertaining. If one does not find happiness within when alone, one will run out to

society looking to be distracted. Why is it I do not date?
 I have a difficult time bumping into belief structures in
 a woman's mind set. It is not worth the struggle.
 I know from the beginning that I am not that big and
 stupid man who will give everything to a woman for
 her company. I stand alone, secure in my inner
 wealth of knowledge. So is there anything left in
 life after one has given up trying to find
 happiness outside one's own skin?

One can become self absorbed if one's intellect is great.
 So, shall I browse? I may go to the Barnes and Noble
 to pick up a couple notebooks after I browse at the
 library. I just have to get over the fact that people—
 the people that work at these establishments, may begin to
 talk about me as though "I did not have much of a life
 if I browse around there establishment every day".

Like Hitler I am a man with no friends, no equals.
 I do not find anyone like me, and if I did find
 anyone like me he/she would be enjoying himself/herself
 in solitude. If ever I am to discover a female
 to spend time with, she will most likely be cerebral.
 We might seem a boring couple, but how rich in
 inner peace! Imagine how we would spend our
 leisure time! Why must I go out? Why do I
 feel compelled to leave the house when I have
 all I need on the shelves and in my mind?

I believe most women would see these studies as a waste of time. Unless something earns one money, they see no reason in pursuing it. I never set out in studying philosophy with the intention of earning money, and yet it is my philosophy which influences my existence every moment of my days on this earth. My KNOWLEDGE of the deepest aspects of existence COLORS all other parts of that existence. I observe others with my analytical mind. I invade the minds of others with my piercing, probing, telepathic INTELLECT. I stare people down with a glance!

I have a penetrating stare. I am not easily intimidated for I have overcome (in solitude) fear of the opinions of others. Often I regress into a state of panic, when I realize that my detachment from care and worry may limit my chances of passing on my genes, but this care is not my own - it is the genes - it is the Will to Live of the THING-IN-ITSELF.

Those that inherit the earth will be power hungry genes that have strong wills to survive, the strongest sex drives, the most hungry. Those who have the greatest intellectual gifts for penetrating the problems of existence itself, who may overcome ~~the~~ the Will to Live will reach a state of NON-being (SALVATION from Rebirths). Those who overcome existence will not miss it, while those who remain will forever struggle to compete to exist. In order to win this game, one must quit the game. All players are LOSERS.

4 November 1996 NOON

I was up reading until 2AM when I decided to take a sleeping pill to fall asleep. It knocked me out. Although I had 3 alarms set, the next thing I knew it was 11:45 AM. No sense going in to work. I am forced to use the last of my vacation time. I will get more time in January. Tomorrow is a holiday - election day - so I have off tomorrow too. All shopping is done, all laundry is done. I am in a true state of leisure. Although some people might see me as a parasite, I see myself as someone endowed with intellect, an individuality who is able to enjoy his mind in undisturbed leisure.

Many people love to toil, to fidget, to labor. It gives them a sense of worth. Although I am called to labor, when circumstances allow me leisure, I am not at a loss. In fact, I will read all day.

4 NOVEMBER 1996 8PM

I was set up tonight. Never again will I accept a gift from my sister. Because I told Joey to attack the problem head on, and not to just sit and wait for a return phone call, my sister comes into the room as though she "busted" me.

"Excuse me," she says.

upset with

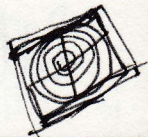
She wants to keep me from influencing Joey. I ^{get} hate my sister because she claims to be full of love when in reality she is a sick control freak. She does not want me in the house just because I advised Joey to try to fix the problem himself, that it was ok to feel frustration. She started talking about love and Jesus - that's when I grabbed the disks I needed and left. She told Joey that I would no longer be tutoring him in Algebra. This is not a problem for me.

It was on the 26th of April 1991 that I wrote in notebook 23 = Diary of a Madman:

"Schopenhauer is a dangerously intelligent philosopher who rebels against the trap of reproduction! I believe I am on to something very deep here. It is a dimension of wisdom that I will not be able to get others to swallow, for only alone can one dare to contemplate the true nature of life (as evil) to its core!"

The first words I read that were written by Schopenhauer:
"Obviously, the only final and radical conquest of the will must lie in stopping up the source of life - the will to reproduce. Let men recognize the snare that lies in a woman's beauty, and the absurd comedy of reproduction will end."

The development of intelligence will weaken or frustrate the will to reproduce, and will thereby at last achieve the extinction of the race."

My studies of Schopenhauer's philosophy give me great confidence in my solitary lifestyle. I do elude the snare even though I desire many women - I elude thereby frustrating the will to reproduce. Raising a family is an ABSURD COMEDY. 

"AS A RULE, A MAN IS SOCIABLE JUST IN THE DEGREE IN WHICH HE IS INTELLECTUALLY VULGAR. THE MAN OF GENIUS HAS HIS COMPENSATIONS AND DOES NOT NEED COMPANY SO MUCH AS PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN PERPETUAL DEPENDENCE ON WHAT IS OUTSIDE THEM.

"THE RESULT IS THAT THE GENIUS IS FORCED INTO ISOLATION, AND SOMETIMES INTO MADNESS; THE EXTREMELY SENSITIVENESS WHICH BRINGS HIM PAIN ALONG WITH IMAGINATION AND INTUITION COMBINES WITH SOLITUDE AND MALADAPTATION TO BREAK THE BONDS THAT HOLD HIS MIND TO REALITY.

"HENCE, THE UNSOCIABILITY OF THE GENIUS. HE IS THINKING OF THE UNIVERSAL AND ETERNAL, OTHERS ARE THINKING OF TEMPORARY, SPECIFIC, AND IMMEDIATE. HIS MIND AND THEIRS HAVE NO COMMON GROUND, AND NEVER MEET"

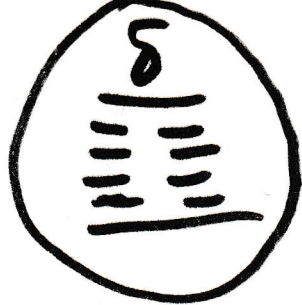
— SCHOPENHAUER

I had copied this in my notebook of April 1991. This was confirmation to me that I was on the right path, that I had always been on the right path without even knowing it. This one passage was enough for me to become much stronger. The more I read Schopenhauer, the more I allowed myself the integrity of being intellectually honest. I allowed myself to isolate.

Likewise, I reflect upon the anxiety involved in mating, and even the heartache accompanied with raising offspring. People brag about bringing life into the world as though they have achieved some great feat. What have they achieved? Another being trapped in its organism, doomed to die. I cannot grieve losing things if I had never believed owning things. There is wisdom in walking the middle way. Extreme pleasure goes hand in hand with agony. This is true with drugs, sex, raising a family. Tranquility is found when we do not desire. The trick is not to excite desire. I believe this winter I may reach higher levels of understanding and deeper levels of inner peace. Life teaches us not to want it.

I am detaching from life itself, rebelling against a process that is using me as a vessel in order to replicate itself. I am developing an impersonal view of existence. My being is a stomach with limbs, sexual organ, and an accidental cerebral organ which is the one who writes.

I - the cerebral organ - frustrate and weaken the sexual organs demands. I will begin to meditate on the impersonal nature of existence. I have no desire to be read.



LESS PLEASURE = LESS PAIN

1996 11 10 12:30 AM

I went to the bookstore as usual - just to browse. I need to give into the temptation to purchase a book each time I visit. The reason I go to the bookstore each evening is to escape my own thoughts for an hour before diving back into my solitary life. Reading through Colin Wilson's The Outsider is inspiring me to start a new project.

Not only did I create a directory in the computer for a project I will call EXPERIMENTS IN MADNESS, but I also created a directory in which I will write specifically about the philosophy of Schopenhauer.

What I want to do is keep NOTES FROM THE ABYSS as an autobiographical account consisting mainly of Excerpts from notebooks, and then combine EXPERIMENTS IN MADNESS with my reflections on Schopenhauer's philosophy so as to present MADNESS as a kind of SALVATION from the world. To point out that reality is an illusion would make madness the fate of all existents. If this whole thing is an illusion. What does it matter even if no one reads me?